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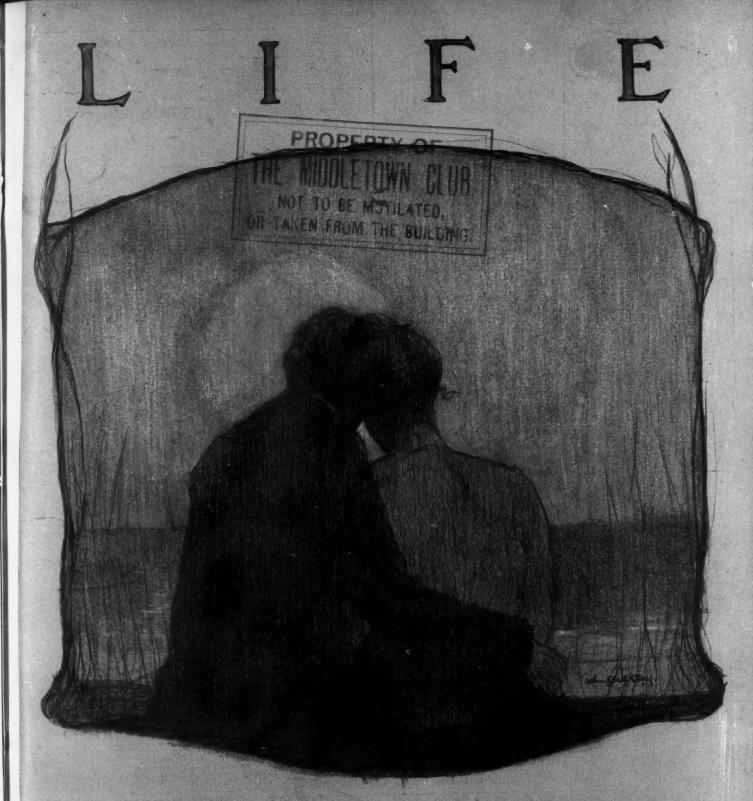
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Engagement Number

ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER



RAST OF CENTURIES

A limited area of travel was the natural result of the indifferent methods of locomotion used in the early days of the 18th century. To-day

OLDSMOBILE

The pioneer American Automobile has outdistanced competition. It is vastly superior to the next best machine made, as its imitators lack the 23 years' experience we have had in building gasoline engines.

Four years of consistent service is the crowning triumph of the Oldsmobile-the car which is built to run AND DOES IT, with " Nothing to Watch but the Road."

Ask the leading Automobile dealer in your town-our agent-to show you how the Oldsmobile "goes." Write for illustrated book to Dept. J.

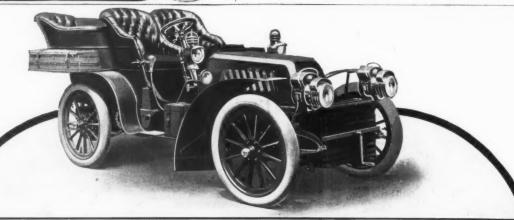
OLDS MOTOR WORKS DETROIT, U. S. A.

Members of the Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers,



The Kelly-Springfield





Exclusive design, luxurious appointments and the most perfect mechanical equipment ever installed in an automobile characterize the Columbia 24 Horse-power Gasoline Touring Car, Mark XLI. All working parts are instantly accessible; noise and vibration are practically

eliminated, while ease and certainty of control are secured at all speeds up to forty-five miles per hour. Catalogue of all Columbia Automobiles will be sent on request.

The Methods of Maude.

JANE STUBBS and Maude Haddock were two village girls who came to New York to Battle with the World for Bread. Jane was a girl of High Principles and had the Straight Hair which invariably accompanies Rectitude of Character. Maude was a Fluffy Girl whose Fetching Ways and Clever Eyelash Movement precluded any Great Necessity for Over Mentality or a Serious View of Life.

Jane having Literary Tastes obtained a Position in the Composing Room of a magazine, from which she hoped to Work Her Way up into Literature. She studied all the Old Authors and Acquired an Academic style of face. Her Ambition was to see her name Signed to Something one day "Jane Althea Stubbs." Just like that.

Maude obtained a place as Cashier in a Restaurant. When a young man full of Pie and Milk said Funny Things to her as he Paid for his Lunch she giggled and Worked her Lids at Him.

Ten years passed. Jane had become Head of the Composing Room, but her Disposition was badly soured. She was Highly Thought of, but Badly Paid.

About this time Maude Percie Haddock, a new Writer, burst Upon the Literary Horizon. She was said to have Risen from the Gutter, and was called the Bowery Browning. Her work was a series of sketches showing the Darker Side of Restaurant Life, and they were said by the Critics to be Marvelously Unstudied and True to Nature, with a Touch of Quaint Humor and a Keen Knowledge of Humanity. The book was called "Making Change."

One day Jane met the New Authoress as she stepped from her Diamond Studded Automobile, at the door of the office. Her garb was the Gladdest, while Jane was in a Rainy Day Dress and a Tacky Hat. To her amazement she recognized her old friend Maude, the Village Belle.

"But I never knew you wrote," said Jane; "you hated to Write a Letter even!"

"I still hate to," said Maude; "but I talked so much downtown to the Customers that a Stenographer asked if he might take it down for Rapid Practice, and that was How it Happened!"

MORAL: Industry and Worthy Endeavor are all right, but this is an Age of Hot Air in Literature. Don't Take Things Seriously if You Are a Girl.

Kate Masterson.

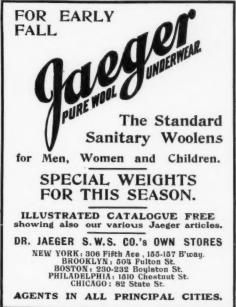
His Status.

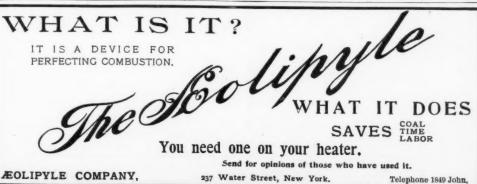
"LE is a woman hater, isn't he?"

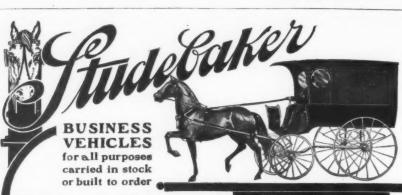
"Absolute, confirmed, rock-ribbed, incurable, and hopeless! Why, he will not even look at a pretty girl when she is passing over a muddy crossing!"











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Yankee Cork Puller

An up and down motion of the handle draws the tight-An up and down motion of the name draws for uginest cork and automatically discharges it. No effort. No trouble, No broken bits of cork left in the bottle. Never slips. Lasts a lifetime. Fastens to sideboard, door-jamb or other upright surface. Cannot get lost.

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"HERE'S TO A OUICK RUN"

It's a wise steward that fills his lockers with a goodly supply of

Dewar's Scotch

("The Whisky of Distinction")

The number of empty Dewar's Scotch Whisky bottles washed up on the beaches show that the average yachtsman knows a good thing and uses it.

A YACHTING POSTER

's to a quick run" (copyright, 1903, by Frederick is an original drawing by Carlton T. Chapman, shown . Printed in four colors on heavy plate paper, withewith. Printed in four colors on heavy ple advertisement, and sent to any address ts in silver. Sultable for framing in club-h

FREDERICK GLASSUP

Sole Agent for John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.

126 Bleecker Street, New York

Life's Road.

BENEATH the moonbeams silver They found existence sweet, ad laughed in tensor.
To think their paths should And laughed in tender whispers



The marriage bells rang gaily, But brief their wedded bliss; She journeyed to Dakota-Their paths now run



McLandburgh Wilson.

Our Advice Column.

TO A PHILANTHROPIST.

REMEMBER that a penny given away is a penny advertised.

Write a book at least every year. This will help to keep your name before the public. Do not forget that a consecrated income is

better than a depleted principal.

Try and keep up the price of the commodity that you have made your wealth in, and if possible increase it. You cannot afford to lose your self-respect.

Be careful not to give direct to the poor and needy, but only to those who in their turn deal with the poor and needy. The middleman must live.

TO ONE WHO HAS JUST BECOME A FATHER.

TRY and treat the trained nurse as though you considered yourself her equal, even though you know this isn't so.

Do not open up a separate bottle with every friend you meet, but get as many of them as possible together first. This is more economical, and you will need all the spare cash you can get later on.

When you break the news to those of the gentler sex you happen to meet, exaggerate its importance as much as possible. To the men, on the contrary, pass it off as of no consequence. Otherwise you may hear of it from your wife very unpleasantly.

Listen to all the advice that is given to you and promise to follow it.

Do not offer to hold the baby under any circumstances. Your subsequent liberty depends upon this.

Admit that you see in the baby resemblances to yourself, your wife, uncle, aunts and grandparents, or any other members of the family mentioned.

Above all things, do not have an exaggerated idea of your own importance. Now that the baby is here, you are of no consequence at all, and the sooner you know this, the better. T. M.

CRIBBLES, the poet, now has twice the number of readers he had before." "So? Whom did he marry?"



BAKER'S CARACAS SWEET CHOCOLATE THE FINEST EATING CHOCOLATE IN THE WORLD

If you do not find it at your grocer's, we will send a quarterpound cake and our Choice Recipe Book for 10 cents. We cannot send more than one package to the same address.

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MORE THAN 100 PAGES MONTHLY

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Beautiful Porto Rico—Illustrated
In Rip Van Winkle's Land—Poem
Nature's Chronometer—Illustrated
In Rip Van Winkle's Land—Poem
Nature's Chronometer—Illustrated
Van Arsdaie, The Platitudinarian—Illustrated
The Three Oregons—Illustrated
Ancient Prophecies Fulfilled—Illustrated
The Stories the Totems Tell—Illustrated
A Little Country Cousin—Illustrated
The Mazamas—Illustrated
When Mother Goes Away—Poem
A Little Bit of Holland—Illustrated
The Romance of Reality—Illustrated
Samoa and Tuttila—Illustrated
Under Mexican Skies—Illustrated
Little Histories—Illustrated
Little Histories—Illustrated
Old Fort Puman
The Confederate White House
The Alamo

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If you have never tasted this fine old champagne, you have yet to experience a rare treat.

Its delicate fruity flavor is not found in any other brand and is peculiar only to the wines made in the famous Ay district of France.

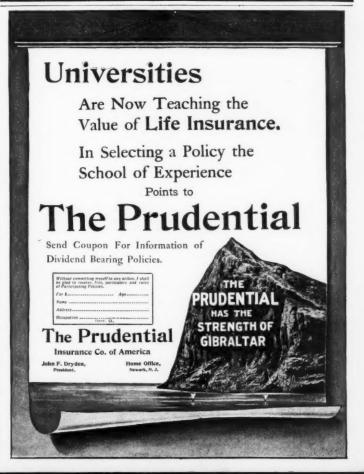
"Gold Lack" does not appeal to the multitude. It is the gourmet's choice, the delight of the connoisseur, possessing that indefinable flavor that proclaims its individuality.

Put up in magnums, quarts, pints and half pints-convenient sizes for family use. Send for our booklet on both still and sparkling wines.

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in open barrels or pails are unsafe and unsanitary.

Put them into

Witt's Corrugated Can

Fire-proof. Odor-proof. Tight-fitting lid prevents contents scattering. Strong enough for a lifetime, limitations are worthless. Genuine has: "Wit's Can" stamped on lid. Get Witt's Corrugated Pail for carrying ashes and garbage. Sold by all dealers. The Witt Cornice Co., Dept. Q, Cincinnati, O.



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The Only Genuine

By Royal Warrant, Purveyors to His Majesty, the German Emperor and King of Prussia.

Dr. Hees, the Approved Royal Prussian Apothocary, Examin! g Ch-mist, and Scientific Expert, writes: "The combination of tr se-excellent 1 sgredlents renders Dr. Siegert's Bitters one of the purest and most hygienic liqueurs extant, as it can be used by invalids and these in good health, by adults and by children, with equal advantage." Beware of imitations. The genuine is made only Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, Trinidad, B. W. L. J. W. Wuppermann, Sole Agt., New York, N. T. Handsome booklet containing popular mixed









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It is a confection, yet a wholesome food, especially nour-ishing and sustaining. The only chocolate that can be eaten freely by children, invalids, and persons of weak

IT DOES NOT CREATE THIRST INSIST ON HAVING

Avoid Imitations which lack the Richness and Delicate Flavor of the **Origina**: Peter's Chocolate.

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The Highest Perfection of the Brewer's Art.



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Per dozen pints......\$1.50

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ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine is the best Hair Restorative known. It preserves the hair from parasitic attacks, tones up the hair bulbs, cleanses the scalp and positively removes dandruff.

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Sold Everywhere.

4 oz. bottles, 50c. 8 oz. bottles, \$1.00

LIFE



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"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLII. SEPT. 3, 1903. No. 1088.

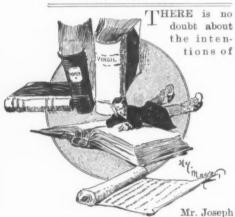
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Tnursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.43 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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Pulitzer in giving a million dollars to Columbia University for a School of Journalism. They are good. Mr. Pulitzer wants to make provision for intending newspaper men to learn their business quicker and more thoroughly, so that they may be more competent to practice it. The newspapers are a great power in the country. Let us give him credit for wishing to do what he can to put that power in stronger and better instructed hands.

Will his School of Journalism be useful to that end? He bets a million dollars that it will. But he seems not quite sure, for he says that he will give another million if the school is in successful operation at the end of three years. He wants to see how the experiment will work before he goes in any deeper. He has nominated a very strong advisory board to help him plan his enterprise, and has arranged to put up a proper building.

· LIFE ·

It is an interesting outbreak for Mr. Pulitzer, and all the newspapers have been discussing it. They are not very sanguine that the school will justify itself. The prevailing sentiment is that the newspaper is its own best school, and that the best preliminary equipment for journalism is the most general knowledge that a youth can acquire. Moreover, young men who go to work on newspapers are, as a rule, in a hurry to earn money. One of the chief charms of the newspaper as a school is that it pays salaries to its pupils. Most aspirants who are able to pay for a course of professional study prefer to study something else.



OT very many newspaper men have come to be such because journalism was their first choice. There are drawbacks to the ministry as a profession. It has lost some of its old-time prestige, and involves limitations of speech and action, if not also of thought, which keep many men out of it. Yet there are still a yearly multitude of youths who deliberately choose to be ministers, and study to that end. But most of the yearly multitude of neophytes who find their way to the newspaper offices go there not so much from conviction or choice, as because it is an easy door to enter. Some of them have tried other occupations, and have not succeeded in them. Some turn reporters as a temporary expedient, and hope to get into other business presently. Many do work out and into other lines of business. Of those who stick, some stick because they happen to suit the job, and others because the job happens to suit them. A likely young man of good prospects and opportunities whose deliberate aspiration is to earn his living as a newspaper writer is a rare creature, and in most of such cases the aberration is accounted for by inheritance—a drop of printer's ink in the blood. Every stock broker hoped in the innocence and idealism of youth to be something better. So did almost every newspaper man. But Mr. Pulitzer seems to think that a new day is dawning and that the newspaper business is going to be, not a mere refuge, but a port; not an avocation which perplexed beginners and hard-pushed experimenters straggle into, but a calling, to the attractions of which hopeful persons deliberately respond.



ET us hope he is right. There is a vast amount of capital in newspapers nowadays. In the course of the next thirty years the management of newspaper properties of enormous value and importance will change hands. Some fortunes will be made, and a good many fair, and some large, salaries will be paid. Commercially speaking, the prospective pickings are pretty good, and besides that, there are great powers to be wielded and great influence to be exerted. The newspaper owners will need good tools, just as the railroad owners do. Mr. James Hill has a successful railroad school in St. Paul. Why should not Mr. Pulitzer have a successful newspaper school in New York? We hope he will. One of the most perplexing subjects to be considered in connection with his school is the awful success of some newspapers that succeed. If the methods by which some of our most successful newspapers first won success are to be taught in the school, the advisory board will resign. If they are not taught, the school may be criticised as not sufficiently practical.



HE first of the Cup races has gone according to expectation. liance won it with seven minutes to spare, but still it was a race and a fine one, and made a splendid show, in which tens of thousands of spectators rejoiced. It looks as if the Bristol designer had again outbuilt his rivals, and certainly our Captain Barr was not outsailed by Captain Wringe. Barring accidents, we shall keep the Cup. It grows better worth keeping every year, and by the same measure, better worth lifting. Was ever the possession of a trophy so gallantly disputed before?



"WHY SO SAD?"

"IT MAKES ME SAD TO THINK I HAVE HAD TO REFUSE YOU."

"OH, CHEER UP! ONE REFUSAL DOESN'T MAKE A SUMMER."



NECESSARY ? " "HOW QUICKLY COULD YOU STOP



" ABOUT LIKE THAT."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged	
Ray, Ogden and Tod	25.00
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A. G. Henshaw	3.00
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LETTERS FROM LIFE'S FARM.

LIFE'S FARM, Branchfield, Conn.

My DEAR NANA I received aunt Carrie's letter and am very glad to hear of all the successes she is in contact with. I am in the greatest glee am getting along first rate, hoping you are the same. If you wish to await our arrival, meet us at the Grand Central about 8:19 A. M. Friday morning.

With many regards to you all I remain
Your grandson,

LIFE'S FARM, Branchville, Conn.

DEAR MA:—I am enjoying the country very much Monday we are going to pick apples Tuesday berries Idrink over 3 quarts of milk every day I am growing stronger & batter I play the Base Drum & I have a large bilster Your loving son

LIVES FARM, Branchville.

DEAR MOTHER hoping you are in health as we are delighted. We have a beautiful, grand time, and I hope in God you are better. It is ful of trees and we rol in the grass, the man brings us out for beries and aples and penuts grapes. It is magniforcient

Your loving child

Dear Mr. Morre: I thank you very much for keeping me 2 weeks for nothing and Mama said that I got fat We had a fine time and I had a good bath yesterday in the brook I asked to sleep in the north hall We reached home safely and hope you did to And how is Miss Morre well good by



THE most important of the midsummer novels is undoubtedly James Lane Allen's The Mettle of the Pasture. This is a romance of aristocratic Kentucky and a study of the insoluble contradictions of right and wrong. It is a sad story, but sound and sweet, the chief fault of which is a certain lack of compactness and cohesiveness. On this account it is inevitable that it should be unfavorably compared with The Reign of Law, but a man can have but few such themes as that, and can seldom rise to such fine treatment of them. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The author of The Modern Obstacle, Alice Duer Miller, has fitted a set of characters drawn with evidences of real skill into a plot calculated to enchant a bevy of young shop ladies. One neither likes to recommend the novel to levers of a nice artistic balance in fiction, nor to pass unnoticed the author's evident abilities. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

In these days, when Cupid is supposed to feather his darts with coupons and Psyche is furned psychologist, love stories are rare birds. But for all your cynics, it is still love that turns the world and good love stories make good reading. Cwillo, by Effie Douglass Putnam, is a love story, with the idealism of Italy, the dreamy spirit of Florence and the strength of young hearts in its pages. (Life Publishing Company. \$1.25.)

'Twixt God and Mammon is a posthumous novel by William E. Tirebuck, an English writer of inconsiderable prominence who died three years ago. The volume contains a memoir of the author by Hall Caine, who politely damns him with faint praise, and the story itself drags heavily along with occasional splutters of impotent sensationalism and fully justifies Mr. Caine's estimate. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

John Graham Brooks, the author of The Social Unrest, may be called a practical, as opposed to a theoretical, or Utopian, socialist. His book, however, is a study of present conditions, not a propaganda, and abounds rather in instructive premises than in questionable conclusions. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Count Zarka is a story of the "Zenda" family. The Count is a fierce and treacherous political villain, with a lonely castle in the



AT LIFE'S FARM A TUG OF WAR.

mountains of Hungary. The plot is of the naïve type, wherein obstacles are built up and knocked down again, and the only person never baffled by their mysteries is the reader. The author is Sir William Magnay. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

John T. McCutcheon's drawings in the Chicago Record-Herald have long been a source of fun and enjoyment to those familiar with Chicago. A handsome volume containing a hundred Cartoons by McCutcheon now offers an opportunity for the wider appreciation which the clever artist deserves. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.) J. B. Kerfoot.

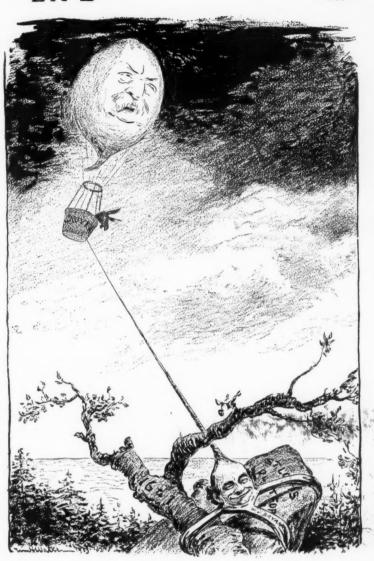
In Provincetown.

WE arose from the steps to let the old fellow in, and he stopped long enough to say: "This gettin' past you folks reminds me of the summer Squire Hopkins's three daughters was bein' courted all at the same time. Russell Jaspie was a-courtin' Samantha, the oldest girl; Frank Atwood was a-courtin' Mabel, and Susie, the youngest, was bein' courted by Jim Handy. One night, pretty late, the Squire come back home from town meetin' and started to go in by the front door, but found Russell and Samantha a-spoonin' on the steps; so he went to the side door, and there was Jim Handy settin' close to little Susie. He backed off again and went around the house to get in through the kitchen without disturbin' no one, and I'm jiggered if he didn't stumble onto Frank a-huggin' his other girl. Then the Squire he up and says, says he: 'Frank, you let me in to-night and in the mornin' I'll have another door cut through!'"

DON'T give the devil his due. It may bankrupt you.



A DOLLAR TO THE GOOD. A CASE FOR THE S. P. C. A.



LET HER GO!

Through a Dangerous Territory.

THE route selected for the proposed endurance race of automobiles, from New York to Pittsburg, via Buffalo, exhibits a rare felicity of choice. A notable showing of endurance is certain to be made. From the political conditions in New York and Pennsylvania, it is a fair presumption that the people along the way will endure a very great deal, possibly almost anything.

Fiction of Its Own Class.

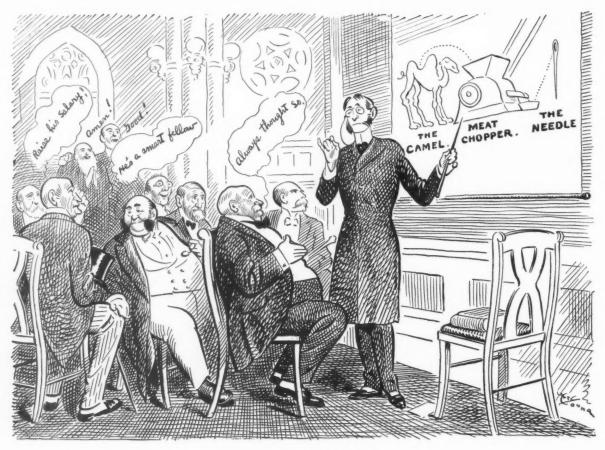
REVIEWER: Is there anything left to say about this new historical novel?

LIGHT-HEARTED EDITOR: course; say it is just as good as all the rest of them-and just as bad as all the rest of them.

What's in a Name?

"T HEAR that Subbubs bet on the Shamrock."

"He had to. His cook threatened to leave."



A MODERN MILLIONAIRE BIBLE CLASS.

Instructor: Now we will conclude our lesson for to-day by a glance at this diagram, which proves how easy it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

Society.

OCIETY must have something to talk about. It was whispered last week that Mrs. Pursey Strutt wore thicker shoes in winter than in summer. But in case it is not true, society will have had its excitement for nothing.

Jimmy Overload is disgruntled because his wife keeps buying new jewels, while she hasn't space on her person for the effective display of what she already owns. She was one of the Baltimore Hollowheads, all charming people. It may be remembered that her sister, Frissie Hollowhead, ran away with two noblemen at the same time. She used to drink rather freely on occasions, but she is still a charming woman.

The Knightley Gadders are now in London, but will return when they feel like it.

There is no truth in the malicious rumor that Trowsers Van Guzzle ever did a day's work. The Van Guzzles are very nice people and have always been fashionable. And Trowsers is no exception. The tongue of slander is ever active.

Law.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Governor Durbin are not the men to trifle. If they move, as they intimate the purpose of doing, to "free the law from every vestige of technicality and delay," we may expect important results.

That the Stuart kings of England succeeded but indifferently in an attempt to free the law from technicality and delay is hardly a precedent in point.

The Stuarts were not strenuous in the best sense. Moreover, the people were more touchy in the seventeenth century.

Conscience Money.

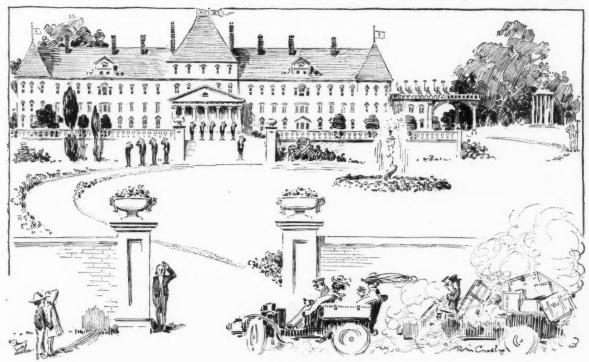
M R. JOSEPH PULITZER has just given \$1,500,000to Columbia College to establish a school of decent journalism.

IT was autumn, the autumn after her tenth season.

"You are as brown as a berry," said her mirror, but adding, sotto voce:

" Elderberry."

Hers was a French mirror, too polite more than to hint at an ungrateful truth.



THE SOCIAL REGISTER.

The New York Daily: The bullifat inkums have gone to their llenox cottage for a few days.

Æsop Up to Date.

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL OF MILK.

A MILKMAID having been a Good Girl for a long Time, and Careful in her Work, her mistress gave her a Pail of New Milk all for herself.

With the Pail on her Head she tripped Gayly away to the Market, saying to Herself:

"How Happy I am! For this Milk I shall get a Shilling; and with that Shilling I shall buy Twenty of the Eggs Laid by our Neighbor's fine Fowls. These Eggs I shall put under Mistress's old Hen, and even if only Half of the Chicks grow up and Thrive before next Fair time comes Round, I shall be able to Sell them for a Good Guinea. Then I shall Buy me a Monte Carlo Coat and an Ermine Stole, and I will Look so Bewitching that Robin will Come Up and Offer to be Friends again. But I won't Make up Too Easily; when he Brings me Violets, I shall just Toss My Head So—and—"

Here the Milkmaid gave her Head the Toss she was thinking about, and the Pail of Milk was Dislodged from its Resting-Place on her Head.

But, being a Member of a Ladies' Physical Culture Club, she Deftly Caught the Pail and Replaced It.

All Turned Out as she had planned, and when Robin married her he gave her an Electric Automobile.

MORAL:

Don't Discount Your Chickens Before they are Hatched.

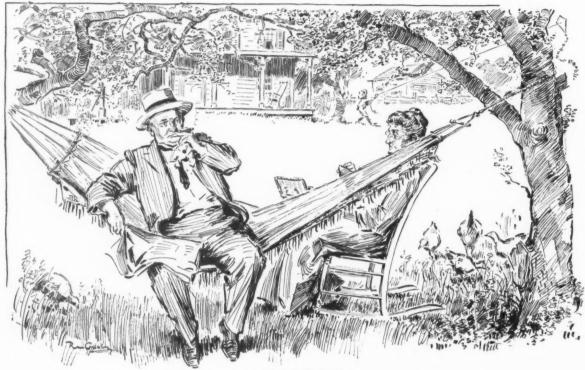
Carolyn Wells.

Cannibalism.

A T times the shipwrecked sailor eats his mate, And eating ends some missionaries' tale; But think how truly dreadful were his fate, If Edward Everett Hale!



"SEE HERE, SIR. I ALLOW NO ELEPHANT TO PUT HIS TRUNK AROUND ME ON SHORT ACQUAINTANCE."



THE SOCIAL REGISTER.

The Hiramville News: State senator jones and family, of Jones's corners, have been enjoying the summer at the senator's palatial SUMMER RESIDENCE ON THE HILL.

Granted.

" $R^{\text{ECOGNITION}}$ " Up on high, whither, with slow and painful steps, he had mounted,

there stood before the portals of Fame a man in the prime of life.

In his hand he carried a huge bundle of manuscript and a smaller but none the less imposing package of clippings from newspapers. On his back was strapped his trusty typewriter.

Again he knocked, this time louder than before.

"Recognition!" he repeated. "Grant me this one favor."

The door opened slowly, and Fame, a large, handsome-looking woman in a homemade toga, looked out. She had just been trying to snatch a few moments' sleep and was not in the pleasantest mood.

"I'll bet," she snapped, "that you're one of those American authors. I'm pestered to death by them. What do you want?"

Her visitor clasped her hands.

"I want to be recognized," he cried.

"Fame, take me up. Let me sit on top of your roof, where all men can see me. Look at what I have done."

Fame stepped out and glanced up at the shining seat on top of the Literary Addition.

"There's another man there now," she said. "But-"



ANOTHER INSPIRATION !

She: 1 Am Afraid I cannot marry you, dearest.

His Lordship: oh, why not?

"Papa would never forgive me for being so extravagant."

She looked at his credentials.

"This new book of yours seems to be pretty good. It looks to me as if it would be one of the best selling books of the day."

"It is good," exclaimed the man. "It's a corker."

"Very well," said Fame, touching a bell, "just give your name to my private secretary and I'll reserve you that place up yonder for—"

"How long?" questioned her visitor eagerly.

"Oh," said Fame, yawning, "for a week or so. That's the limit nowadays, you know."

And she slammed the door in his face.

Tom Masson.

Classified.

STELLA: How does Jack make love? Bella: Well, I should define it as unskilled labor.

Privileged.

THE Honorable Colonel William J.
Bryan appears to believe that the constitutional provision regarding free speech was inserted for his especial benefit.

Sure, Yes!

"HE married a widow, young, beautiful, wealthy, and without a relative on earth."

"Jove! Luck like that is better than a license to steal!"

The Unweaker Vessel.

"You are accused of mashing women," said the stranger.

"I know it," replied the street car conductor. "But 'tain't the women that gits mashed, so much as 'tis the small kids and old men, I s'pose on account of the women mostly wearin' corsets."

Fired.

"I UNDERSTAND Blankley was ejected from Jones's house, where he went to pay a visit." "Yes, he was an old flame of Mrs. Jones, and Jones put him out."



Copyright, 1903, by Life Publishing Co.

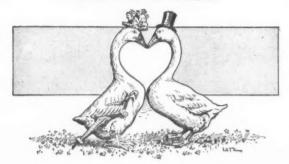
PALMSTRY



PALMSTRY.

UNG MAN, AT ARE GOING TO MARRY AN OLDER MAN WITH RICHES."

A Matrimonial Lesson.



"MRS. CAPERTON confided to me this morning that she had had some trouble with her husband," said Mrs. Von Blumer.

"That's not surprising," said Von Blumer, "and I presume it is an old story with them. They don't quite understand each other. He deceives her in his way, and she deceives him in her way. Result—scraps."

Von Blumer got up and paced the floor nervously. The subject appealed to him.

"Two people cannot make their married life a success," he continued, "unless they tell each other the truth—the absolute truth. Think of what it would mean to understand each other perfectly—why, that's what's the matter with us at times—we conceal our feelings, we hesitate at the real unvarnished truth."

Mrs. Von Blumer sighed.

"I suppose that is so," she said. "Why, it would be perfectly ideal, wouldn't it, to share every thought together?"

"It not only would be ideal," said Von Blumer, "but it strikes me as extremely practical. What more easy in our case? I'll tell you every thought I have, without reserve, and you do the same to me. Let's begin at once."

Mrs. Von Blumer clapped her hands in glee, like a child, so happy was the thought.

"When shall we begin?" she cried.

"Right off," said Von Blumer; "that is—to-morrow morning."

Von Blumer was going out that evening, so he wanted twelve hours' leeway.

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Von Blumer. "We will begin to-morrow morning."

At the usual hour the next morning, Von Blumer descended to the breakfast table. His wife was before him, putting those fine wifely touches to the table that the best of waitresses is never quite equal to.

"You haven't forgotten our agreement?" she said smilingly.

"No, indeed," replied Von Blumer. "I'm full of it. I'm going to begin right away. Do you know, I never liked that morning wrapper you wear. It isn't anything in the way of a decent apparel. It's neither a gown nor a robe. It's a bum affair."

"I knew you didn't like it," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "and to tell you the honest truth, I don't like it myself. But the only reason I have worn it at all is because I

didn't feel that you could afford to get just what I wanted."

"How much will it cost?"

"Well, I saw a morning house gown the other day for forty-five dollars that is just what I want."

"You are right. That is too much."

"But I'm going to get it, anyway. It's really more important that I should look well before you, than it is to keep out of debt."

Von Blumer set down his paper and stared at his wife.

"You can't have a very good opinion of me as a man," he observed dryly, "if you think that I prefer financial dishonor to simplicity of dress in my wife."

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him sadly but truthfully.

"I haven't a good opinion of you in this respect," she replied distinctly. "You have, of course, many admirable qualities, but you are much the same as the ordinary run of men. As long as I dress well and look pretty, you will work for me like a slave, and while you may grumble, you'll be secretly proud of me. Every man likes his wife to make a good show. It is really safer for her to run him into debt and do this, than to save his money and be dowdy."

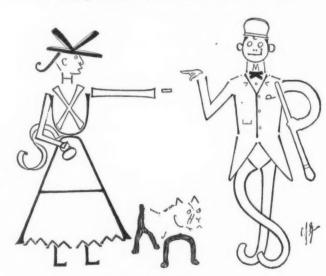
Von Blumer, true to his bargain, nodded his head in acquiescence.

"That's true," he said, "up to a certain point, but only up to a certain point. You have fully decided, have you, to get that gown?"

"Yes-I shall go right down this morning."

"Good! It will cost me forty-five, but in this instance it may be a good investment. I shall be glad to see you in something fresh at the breakfast table."

Mrs. Von Blumer colored slightly, but kept her temper. "You would probably see more of me," she said, "if you



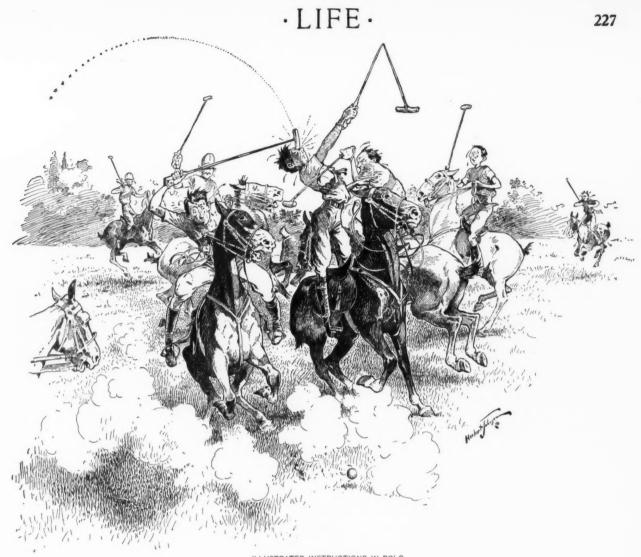
ALPHABETICALLY EXPRESSED.

He: O, L N, U R O K.

She: O, I B, B I ? N U, U R A J.

He: O B E Z, L N, D R.

She: O G ! U B N G. C ?



ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTIONS IN POLO.

THE NEAR SIDE BACK-HANDER.

This stroke is a most valuable and graceful accomplishment, and when properly performed seldom fails to create a good impression.—Badminton Library.

didn't sit there most of the time and read that horrid paper. It's a bad habit that."

Von Blumer was silent a moment. This new process required more thought than usual.

"I don't know that it is," he said. "There is practically nothing that you could say to me at this hour of the day which would interest me as much as this paper. Now this may seem a little selfish on my part. But, on the other hand, it is a habit with me, and you, on your part, have habits that I might criticise. For instance, you drag me out on the average twice a week to some social affair, just because the social world is, to this extent at least, a habit with you. And you do this, knowing that I hate it, and knowing that I would be a great deal better off in bed. My newspaper reading seems innocent enough compared with that."

"You may not know it," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "but this little social life that you say I drag you into is really your salvation. Why, you would lapse into a veritable bear if you didn't go out occasionally. Besides, I notice you are always ready to sit up to any hour of the night when there is a stag party on hand."

Von Blumer winced slightly.

"I am bound to admit," he replied, "that you are right about that. But to be more than candid with you, I must say that I am just as well satisfied with my own manners, as I control them myself, as I am with the manners of society which you seem to wish me to be an expert in. For instance, the other day you smiled and smirked at Mrs. Placer for an hour, and gave her the impression that you loved her ardently, when I know that there is scarcely an object in the world you dislike more than that same Mrs.

Placer. What you term good manners is merely nothing but a species of polite hypocrisy."

The tears came to Mrs. Von Blumer's eyes—not at her husband's last remark, but the other cruel things he had said, in spite of her resolution, had just begun to strike in.

"I don't care," she sobbed, as her husband gazed at her uneasily. "The world couldn't live without it—and you know it!"

Von Blumer threw down his paper, which rustled satirically underneath his feet as he sprang forward and clasped his wife's hands.

"You are right," he cried; "not only the world, but all the husbands and wives couldn't live without it. My dear, I want you to make me a promise."

"What is it?"

"Promise me that you will go on and deceive me hereafter, and I will do the same, just as we have done before."

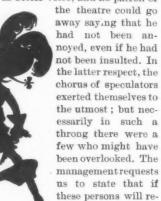
Mrs. Von Blumer smiled through her tears.

"I promise," she said.

Tom Masson.

The Coming Dramatic Review.

THE theatrical season opened auspiciously last night at the Skinnemalive Opera House. The chorus of ticket speculators on the sidewalk was never in better voice, and no patron of



turn at any hour after the matinée is on to-day they will be given a special insult. A small fee will be charged for this service, but it will be no larger than is necessary to defray the expense of retaining a

sufficient corps of speculators for the occasion.

We must further compliment the management for having this season obtained the services of Mike the Bite as box office man. His churlishness and general insolence cannot be surpassed by any one, no matter what his training. Those who attended the play last night went away from the ticket window in great delight. Audible comments were heard on all sides that Mike the Bite could make a man feel much smaller than thirty cents, and that he could humiliate a woman quicker than any other person in the United States. With regard to the check room, words fail us. Absolutely nobody got any attention there, and the number of hats and wraps that were lost was so large as to stagger belief. The man on the door was well up in his lines, though a trifle nervous through unfamiliarity with the patrons. For this reason he was not able to assume as frigid an air as he might have manifested toward those whose seats were back of the parquet. The ushers, it is a pleasure to state, were admirably drilled. They put everybody in the wrong seat, and swore splendidly at each one who protested. The boys who sold caramels, chewing gum and peanuts, as well as those who peddled the popular songs of the day, were in excellent voice, and their rendering of their rôles between acts was a subject of much approving comment.

A word with regard to the distribution of the programs would not be

amiss. They were thrust into the hands of the patrons more carelessly than ever, and the bill of the play was so artfully concealed among smudgy advertisements that no one has yet discovered what, if anything, was going on on the stage.

Again we extend felicitations to the astute management of the Skinnemalive, and prophesy the most brilliant season in the annals of the drama. W. D. Nesbit.

MAY: You don't love him? Why, I have seen you allow him to kiss you.

Belle: Yes, but I always did it with a mental reservation.

Prayer of the Small College.

G IVE me a million of dough, Mammon,
Give me a million of dough,
To keep the little life I have,—
You'll never miss it, you know.

My best professors leave me, They're out for coin, and so,

If bigger wages offer,

Quite naturally they go. Then give mea million of dough, Mammon, Only a million of dough.

I can't afford a football coach,
I make a sorry show,—
A stickful on the sporting page,—

Oh, do not say me no, But give me a million of dough, Mammon, Only a million of dough.

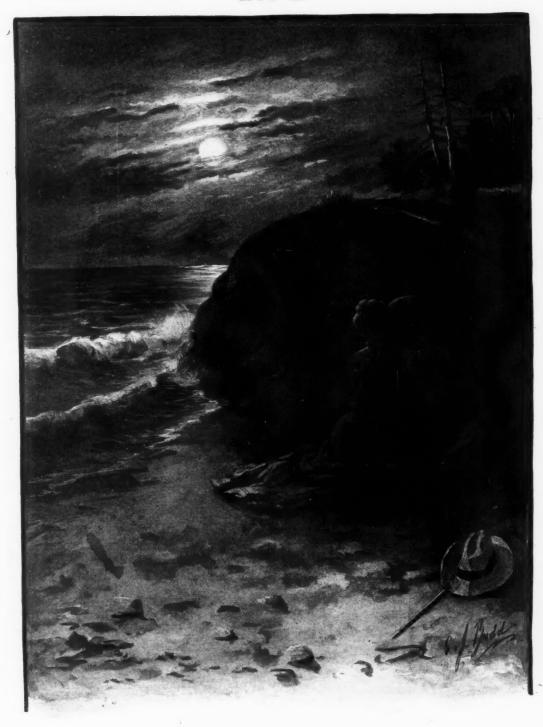
ENVOYEZ.

A draft, a check or cash will do,— Mais l'envoyez, et p. d. q.

ON July 9, two mules, hauling a wagon containing nine persons, stopped stock-still on the Pennsylvania Railroad track, near Cincinnati, when the whistle blew on an approaching train. They were not hurt, but the folks in the wagon were all killed or injured by the train. Maybe they were union mules, broken to stop work at the first peep of the whistle, irrespective of consequences.



The Bird: SEE HERE, YOUNG FELLOW, YOU WANT TO



He: when I think of our being engaged, it seems like witchcraft! She: Yes, I feel like one possessed!

SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

A SONG AGAINST SPEED.

Velocity-its praises ring That those who race may read-The joyousness of hurrying,

The eestasies of speed. Yet, flame-like though your progress be,

Some thrills you've yet to gain; Not dead to all sensations we Who loiter in the lane.

Of speed the savor and the sting, None but the weak deride; But, ah! the joy of lingering

About the countryside! The swiftest wheel, the conquering run We count no privilege

Beside acquiring, in the sun, The secret of the hedge.

We wait the poet fired to sing The snail's discreet degrees,

A rhapsody of sauntering, A gloria of ease Proclaiming theirs the baser part

Who consciously forswear The delicate and gentle art Of never getting there.

To get there first-'tis time to ring The knell of such an aim;

To be the swiftest !- riches bring So easily that fame.

To shine a highway meteor, Devourer of the map !-

A vulgar bliss to choose before Repose in Nature's lap.

Consider, too, how small a thing The highest speed you gain; A bee can sport on gauzy wing

Around the fastest train. Think of the swallow in the air,

The salmon in the stream, And cease to boast the records rare Of paraffine and steam.

Most, most of all, when comes the spring; Again to lay (as now)

Her hand benign and quickening On meadow, hill and bough-Should speed's enchantment lose its power;

For "None who would exceed" (The Mother speaks) "a mile an hour, My heart aright can read."

The turnpike from the car to fling, As from a yacht the sea,

Is doubtless as inspiring As aught on land can be; I grant the glory, the romance, But look behind the veil-

Suppose that while the motor pants You miss the nightingale!

-E. V. Lucas, in The Monthly Review.

A PASSENGER entered a railway carriage in Australia in which was seated a particularly aggressive commercial traveler, and placed in the rack opposite a small wooden box pierced with holes. In the conversation which followed, the commercial traveler gave several hints that he would like to know what was in the box, without avail. At last his curiosity got the better of him.

"I say, old man," he asked, "what have you in that box?"

"A mongoose," was the reply.

A series of diplomatic remarks followed, aimed at getting the reason for carrying a mongoose; but, as no explanation was offered, the commercial traveler had to say plump out:

"What are you going to do with that mongoose?"

The answer he got was: "I'm going to see a friend who has been drinking very heavily of lateso heavily, in fact, that he has developed delirium You may be aware that people so suffertremens. ing are inclined to see snakes; and you may also be aware that there is nothing on earth so deadly to snakes as a mongoose." He sat back, evidently satisfied that he had given a full and complete explanation

"But-but, I say," said the commercial trav-

eler, "those snakes are imaginary."
"So is my mongoose," returned the person interrogated .- Sporting Times.

FASHIONABLE LOVE.

Little Mary's big sister was engaged to Mr. Brown, who was away on an outing trip with Mary's brother. Her father was writing to his son and prospective son-in-law, and asked the little girl if she had a message to send to Mr. Brown.

'What shall I say, papa?" asked she. "Why," said the father, "I believe it is the fashion to send your love."

Some minutes later her father inquired, "And what shall I say to Brother Tom?'

"Well," replied the little miss, with a sigh, "you may send my fashionable love to Mr. Brown and my real love to Brother Tom."-Philadelphia Ledger.

QUICK LUNCH.

How does the busy man lunch?

He rushes into a quick-lunch room, All heedless of the impending doom That lurks in the hasty bill of fare Dispensed to the reckless eaters there. He works his way to the crowded bar Where heaps of quick-lunch viands are And, arming himself with plate and knife, Proceeds to shorten his busy life.

He grabs a sandwich of ancient date And shoves it between his thumb and plate. Of eggs he seizes on one or two That are boiled so hard the whites are blue And as indigestible as glue. Then a bowl of coffee scalding hot, And he backs away with what he's got, And hurries the combination down With gulp and gasp and impatient frown.

Again he goes to the fatal pile, Fretting and worrying all the while About the time that is speeding by He captures a piece of stuff called pie-It looks all right to the careless eye; It is all right if you want to die-A couple of crullers of last month's make, A stale éclair and a piece of cake; Swallows the whole as quick as he can-Oh, he's a terribly busy man! A toothpick, ice water, and he's done, And back to his office on the run.

How does the busy man feel?

He is very, very much depressed; He feels as though he is all compressed; Like a man was sitting on his chest. He has a something he can't explain; He knows it's there, for he feels the pain; He'd call it wooden, but wood is light, And the thing he has weighs like a fright. He drags around from morning to night A ball and chain on his appetite.

He sees a doctor and states his case; The doctor, noting his pallid face, Gives him the limit. The man goes back To travel the old dyspeptic track.

-Baltimore American.

BIGBY: I'm saving up money to go to Europe. HIGBY: Indeed! How are you getting on? BIGBY: Fine! I've already got together enough for the tips and as soon as I can scare up traveling expenses I'm off .- Chicago Daily News.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

Established 1823. WILSON WHISKEY. That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO. Baltimora Md.

The Umpire

Where taste is the test, flavor is the umpire, hence it is that the old, rich, mellow flavor of

> Hunter Baltimore

has made it The Most Popular Whiskey in America

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.







Grow Ginseng Fortunes Made in Small Gardens

A square rod of ground will easily grow 1000 plants. The roots, seed and young plants from such a bed, if sold at prices now prevailing, would yield over \$60,000 within ten years. 400,000,000 Chinese use it as a medicine. It is not an opiate. Supply very limited. Hardy everywhere in United States and Canada. Easy to cultivate in either city or country—your leisure hours will do it.

We sell cultivated roots and seed. Send two 2-cent stamps to help pay postage and get our complete booklet, "Ginseng," and current number of our magazine, "The Ginseng Garden."

Chinese-American Ginseng Co Scranton, Pa. Dept.m

E.





THE CL

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors 29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London

One taste convinces KORN-KRISP Leads them all

ROUND

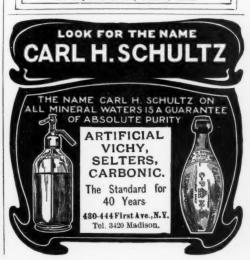
IN TRAVEL."

"THE COLLVER TOURS"

Next party leaves in October by the splendid new steamship "Siberia." visiting Honolulu, Japan, China, Manila, Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, Southern and Northern India, Egypt, etc. Small Membership—Exclusive Features, Mr. Collver will accompany this party per-sonally.

sonally,
Escorted Parties and especial facilities for independent travelers to Japan,
Itineraries on request.

LEON L. COLLVER 368 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.





"THEN again," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "speaking of white lies, there is also the inscription on the tombstone."-Chicago Tribune.

EDGEWOOD INN, Greenwich, Conn. The most popular summer resort hotel on the Sound shore for critical New York people. Now open.

PLEASANT OLD GENTLEMAN: Have you lived here all your life, my little man?

ARTHUR (aged six): Not yet .- Lippincott's

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"THERE isn't much difference between me and Eve." said the little girl who was forced to wear her big sister's cast-off skirts.

"How is that?" asked her chum.

"Why, Eve had to wear leaves and I have to wear leavings."-Philadelphia Record.

INFINITY has set its mark upon wondrous Yellowstone Park-one of Nature's marvels. If you have not visited this sublime spot, you owe it to yourself to consider this suggestion when planning your vacation.

"YES," said the old native of the Kentucky mountains, "them Birdseye boys are pretty bitter, but they had some heart in dealin' with my boy

"Spare his life?" queried the tourist.

"No, but they passed him the demijohn before the shootin'."-Chicago Daily News.

PURE blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health-synonymous with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

HAROLD, who is the little son of a minister, was talking with his mother regarding his future career, and after some little reflection he said: mamma, I'm going to be either a minister or a Christian when I grow up."-Lippincott's Magazine.

EMPLOYER: Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you will fill the bill?

APPLICANT: Well, I just finished lickin' nineteen other applicants out in de hall .- Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ler every good fellow now fill up his glass and let the vintage be Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne,

"Who'd have thought we'd live to see our boy in the Legislature!" exclaimed the old man.
"Nobody," said the old lady; "but the Lord's

will be done!"-Atlanta Constitution,

BEAUTIFUL Lake Champlain and Lake George-the Gateway of the country. Large, commodious, new and up-to-date steamers ply daily between Caldwell and Plattsburg. The trip is one of the finest of the Northern Summer Resorts-meals served on steamers. For particulars address Champlain Transportation Co., Burlington, Vt.

MRS. UPMANN: I must tell you, Delia, that I was displeased at your entertaining that policeman in the kitchen last night.

DELIA: Faith, Oi did ax him into the parlor. ma'am, but he wouldn't go .- Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT is the cause of that uproar in the car ahead?" asked one of the passengers.

"A Kansas farmer and the owner of a berry patch in Michigan are fighting over a Harvard graduate that is out here looking for a job," replied the conductor, in an agitated voice.-Chicago Tribune.



One taste convinces Always ready to eat

MAPLEWOOD

NEAR CINCINNATI, O.

A Sanatorium established in 1875 for the private care and medical treatment of Drug and Alcoholic Addictions. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Home Treatment if Desired.

THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS Co., Dep. 77, LEBANON, O.

Ripans Tabules are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore ABULE?

throat, and every other illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tabules. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

Skin Diseases

Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Ringworm, Itch, Ivy Poison, Acne or other skin troubles, can be promptly cured by

Hydrozone is endorsed by leading physicians. It is absolutely harmless, yet most powerful healing agent. Hydrozone destroys parasites which cause these diseases. Take no substitute and see that every bottle bears my signature.

Trial Size, 25 Cents. At Druggists or by mail, from

Charles Marchant Dept. D, 60 Prince St., N. Y.

FREE Booklet on the rational treat-

Valuable Stock Farm For Sale

In Westchester County, New York. Consists of 300 acres, half woodland and half under cultivation; at an elevation of 750 feet, overlooking the Sound, commanding a view for miles. It contains some of the most desirable building sites in this attractive locality, with two living springs that never fail, and an artesian well with a flow of 8 gallons to the minute of the purest water. There are two dwelling houses, and the property can be divided into two farms. New stock barns are just completed, costing \$10,000; piped for gas, modern plumbing, with accommodations for fifty horses, with training ring enclosed. About fifty miles from New York City, three and one-half miles from Ridgefield, and six from New Canaan, giving train service to New York every hour. Property will be sold on easy terms, or leased for a term of years with privilege of buying. Price \$18,000.

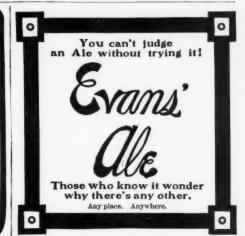
ADAMS @ KEELER, Ridgefield, Connecticut.



POMMERY CHAMPAGNE

By the sea, as well as in town, those who know and appreciate the best invariably order **Pommery**

CHARLES GRAEF & CO., Sole Agents for the United States 32 Beaver Street, New York



PIERRE DU MAUROS had a little place on the Avenue where he sold a table d'hote luncheon for fifty cents, to women only. A proportion of women patronized him, and men sometimes came in after the women. That is to say, there would be a woman, an interval, and then a man. It was only partially successful.

Du Mauros called it a café.

Being keen, he began to notice that the women ate very little, but talked a great deal. So he cut the fare to chocolate and Parker House rolls. Men left, but more women came.

It was a lunch room then.

One day a Society woman asked if she might inhale a cork-tip. Du Mauros smiled and consented. He was obliged to refuse, however, when she requested a John Drew flip, and to turn down seventeen separate demands for cocktails. There were many murmurings, and Du Mauros dreaded the future. Then he got an inspiration and a liquor license, bounced all the help, purchased a lot of Persian rugs and Japanese swords, put on Yale locks, drew the shades and lighted red lamps, perfumed the place with sandalwood, laid in a two-thousand-dollar consignment of Scotch whiskey, gin, absinthe, creme de menthe, Curacoa, Chianti, eighteen brands of Egyptian cigarettes, curled his moustaches, and opened a tea-

You can get anything there but beer or tea.

The "L" jam is nothing compared to it.

Norman Harris.

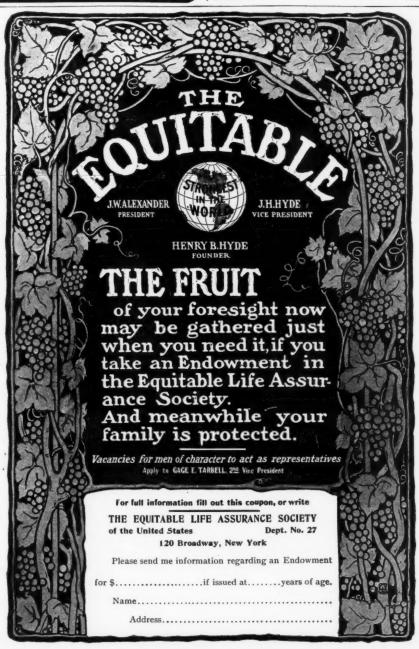
His Accommodating Memory.

FARMER HONK: It kinder strikes me that a good many things that your Uncle Zimri recollects never happened.

FARMER HORNBEAK: Yep! Uncle Zim 'pears to have sort of a creative memory.

HIS SISTER: Pooh, Dick, that's no way to kiss a girl. If you ever get married, what do you suppose your wife would think of such a kiss?

"Hm! I don't expect to marry a connoisseur of kisses."



The Garden of Hardy Flowers

HE almost entire exclusion of the great wealth of hardy plants from American gardens in favor of a few-hardly a score-of tender ones has so impoverished I wonder if he ever found them of all real beauty as to make them monotonous. In almost every garden are seen the same stereotyped carpet and ribbon beds, mere lines of color, that are as unchanging during their season of four months as the patterns of carpets, and that perish entirely with the first frost. The entire labor and expense are renewed the next season, and the annual outlay is only limited by one's willingness or

Hardy flowers have all artistic advantages and all practical ones as well. Their first cost being their only cost, and their greatly increasing in size and beauty year after year, makes an investment in them yield an annual dividend of loveliness not

to be computed in any ordinary way.

We have seen a garden where early spring is ushered in with myriads of snowdrops, crocuses and violets peeping through the grass, with yellow daffodils and scarlet tulips, with rarest blue of scillas, and with odors of hyacinths; and later with lilies of the valley, and lilac, and hawthorns, and numerous flowering shrubs. June -the month of flowers-finds our garden fairly aglow with floral beauty, roses everywhere, in groups, on fences, sprawling on the grass with their wreaths of loveliness, clambering over bushes, and here and there covering even the tops of the

trees with showers of pink or white bloom. Not only roses, but monarch poppies, columbines, early-flowering clematises and irises in a multitude, and Easter lilies in all their purity, and the grand rhododendrons, second only to roses, and with them, later, the glorious auratum lilies showing stately above their rich

With this grand June overture to summer our garden follows quickly with a succession of lovely and changing scenes-of day lilies, hardy pinks, exquisite Japan irises, and a procession of stately lilies, commencing with June, ending only with frost; of phloxes, hollyhocks-single and double-and clematises with their wreaths and garlands of purples, pinks and whites; of foxgloves, larkspurs and evening primroses; and our garden, daily, until frost, will have new attractions.

Arranged with some judgment at first, this garden might be left to take care of itself; time would but add to its attractions, and the happy owner might go away for years and find it beautiful on

his return.

I have gathered together the best collection of hardy plants and bulbs in America, and will send catalogue and information about hardy gardens on request.

The fall is the better season for starting the hardy garden and for the planting of the majority of hardy plants and

bulbs.

J. WILKINSON ELLIOTT Landscape Architect

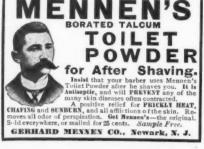
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I Wonder.

W HEN Shakespeare-Bacon, world renowned. Took pen in hand to write a play, He hadn't much to say; I wonder if he found it hard To make his grand ideas flow,

As does a certain other bard I know!

I wonder if he ever sat And simply gnawed and gnawed his pen; Or wrote a limping measure that Must be erased again: I wonder if he ever used

To curse the business high and low, What time his Pegasus refused

To go!

I wonder if he ever bent Above his desk for many an hour, And tried some problem to invent Of deep dramatic power: And after all his toil and time. His splendid dreams all gone amiss. He settled down and wrote a rime

Like this!

I wonder if he ever struck A thought that nearly burst his head. And hast'ning homeward banned the luck. To find the thought had fled!

I wonder if for pen and ink

He sometimes felt a vast disgust-If he had spells like these, I think

He must! Denis A. McCarthy.

All Kinds of Testimony.

A^S to hydrophobia, you can take your choice.

Mr. Geo. L. Miller, of Omaha, Neb., writes: "Dogs have been my personal companions for sixty years. I have been President of the Humane Society of this town, Omaha, for more than twenty years. I can, and do, say that I have never seen a case of hydrophobia in my life, nor have I ever seen a man who ever saw a case himself, or who ever saw any other man who ever saw one. So rare is the disease called 'rabies' that it has practically no existence as a peril to human beings." Another writer signing P. M., New York, says the same thing .- Animals' Defender.

And the English veterinarian, Sir George Fleming, says:

"Hydrophobia may be acquired from the bite of a dog not rabid, and the records by careful writers too numerous to mention here, of hydrophobia, followed by death, from bites of perfectly healthy animals, many of which survived their victims, leads one to deplore the manifest disparity existing between the terms 'civilized' and 'intelligent.'

Mr. Scoboris, Manager of the London Home for Lost Dogs, says that 200,000 animals had been brought to their kennels, 95,000 of which had been taken up by hand by the police, yet, notwithstanding the frequency of severe bites, hydrophobia had never "occurred among Metropolitan police, as shown by the medical returns," adding, "at the Home, where a stream of 15,000 dogs per month passes through the premises, bites are a daily occurrence, yet not once during the last seventeen years has hydrophobia resulted from such injuries."

But so long as the scare is on we might as well muzzle all the dogs and keep our children in doors. It is lucky for us, by the way, that the dogs cannot muzzle humans.

'A ND what was the most important event in Ireland's history?" "The discovery of America."



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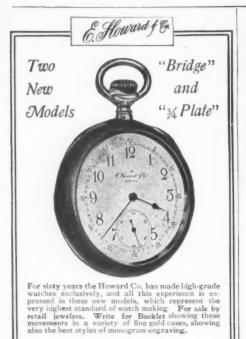
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Gwendolen once strangled May; That left two with whom to play.

Gwendolen next burned up Kate; Still she had left one playmate.

Gwendolen drowned Marjorie; So she was alone, you see. Gwendolen then stole a knife, Sharpened it, and took her life.

When her grave you stand beside, Pity that poor suicide,

Taken from us when a child, Young and tender, sweet and mild.

DID trouble drive him to drink?"
"No; drink drove him to trouble."

Her Weakness.

THE DEERFIELD WATER CO., Deerfield, Ohio.

A YOUNG coon who just knew his "biz"
Tried to kiss an acquaintance of his.
Said she, "Dat can't be
'Less you's stronger dan me;

But, Honey, I reckons you is."

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AN IDEAL VACATION TRIP.

There is something incongruous about the accomplished American who has visited every nook and corner of Europe, yet has never traveled west of Chi-(ago. When one considers the natural wonders of the world as they are lavishly displayed on this continent, there is some reason in the criticism that a person should know something about his own door-yard before he travels abroad. Here's an attractive itinerary for a month's vacation:

A night's run to Montreal over the picturesque Adirondack route of the New York Central, thence over the Canadian Pacific, skirting the wild and rugged North Shore of Lake Superior, for nearly five days' centinuous riding through the provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Assiniboia and Alberta, until the Canadian Rocky Mountains are reached. And right here all attempt: at an adequate description of their wondrous beauty and majesty may as well cease. The railroad winds in and out through beautiful valleys and awe-inspiring canyons, ice-capped mountains towering thousands of feet on either side. For a few miles the track may lead beside a beautiful and peaceful stream of water which farther on becomes a mountain torrent tearing its way through awful gorges five and six hundred feet deep, while the train, clinging to the mountain side, slowly winds its way along the verge of chasms so vast that the uproar of the dashing waters below, though visible to the eye, cannot be heard. Banff the beautiful, exquisite Lake Louise, with her two sisters in the clouds-Agnes and Mirror Lakes; the marvels of the Yoho, one of the grandest mountain valleys in the world, and its wondrous and tremendous Takkakaw Falls, discovered but a few years ago. And so we follow on to the Selkirk range, with its magnificent glacier embracing an area of forty square miles of gleaming ice.

While a whole summer could be profitably spent in this wondrous region, ten days divided between a rood saddle horse and mountain climbing with a Swiss guide will serve to impart a fair and very satisfactory general idea of the most extensive system of mountain ranges in the world, and which are rendered accessible amid creature comforts and the luxury of the most admirable hotel service furnished by the Canadian Pacific road at various points of interest along the line. Leaving the mountains, we hasten on to Vancouver through the ever-changing scenic beauty and wonders of the far-famed Fraser River canyon, thence across the straits for a day in the old British city of Victoria, and on down to Seattle, Washington. Here we take the Great Northern Railway for a day's ride over the Cascade range, amidst the wildest, most picturesque and panoramic mountain scenery imaginable. Arriving in Spokane Falls in the evening, we change to the Northern Pacific road and are off for the famous Yellowstone.

"Twere vain to essay a description of this mar-Here the hand of man, as instanced in the magnificent stage roads the National Government is building, together with the exceptional hotel and stage service of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Co., contrives to render the natural wonders of the place easy of access and the prolonging of one's sojourn a luxury. Infinity has placed its stamp upon this wonderful place. Eight thousand feet above sea level, amongst majestic mountains, impenetrable forests and spouting geysers. Most awe-inspiring, beautiful and impressive of all are the Grand Canyon and the Great Falls of the Yellowstone River, a tremendous volume of water leaping over a cliff nearly 400 feet sheer down to the bottom of an indescribable gorge, tinted and splashed by all the colors of the tainbow. Here Nature seems to have struck her last note and exhausted her theme. As Stoddard, the lecturer, expresses it, "It is a place where the Finite prays, the Infinite hears, and Immensity looks on." From six to ten days in the Park, as the tourist pleases, and back to New York may all be included in the thirty days. Truly, such a trip is an education in



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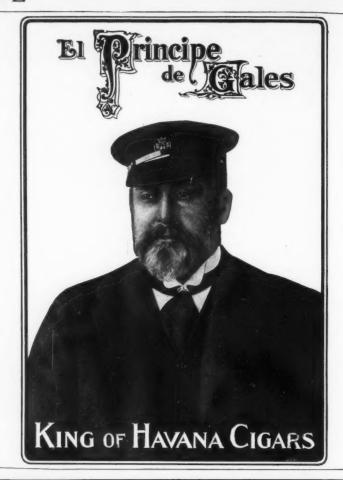
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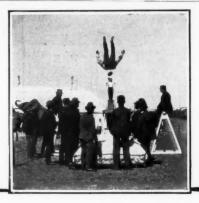


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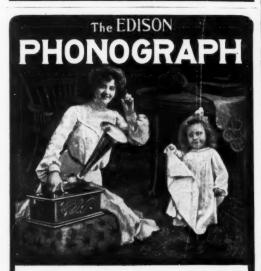
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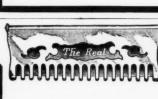
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